

The Critic

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Singing and Eating.

THE recent trial of the suit of Mme. Scalchi against Mr. Henry E. Abbey has provoked more or less discussion of the question, Under what conditions may a singer sing? My testimony on the witness stand in that interesting case showed that I believe the singer to be a creature of conditions, and I have been asked a number of times since then to give fuller expression to my views on the subject. I may say at once that, although the public see a great deal of a singer, they really know very little of her inner life—the life which she has led in order to become a singer, or the life she must lead to sustain her reputation on the boards. It is hard for people outside of the profession of music or the kindred arts to appreciate the requirements of a singer's life, and, for that reason, they are not always ready to make allowances for her occasional shortcomings. Let me tell you something of the life of a singer, and you will see that it is not a path of roses. Roses are scattered at her feet before the footlights, to be sure, but there are a great many thorns in the path she treads before they are won. A singer begins her preparations for a life of song at a very early age. When other young people are amusing themselves at balls or routs, she is running her scales and taking care of her health. She must not do this, and she must not do that, for it is bad for her voice—and that is the one consideration of her life. After she has entered upon her career as a public singer, she has even more sacrifices to make, for upon her care of herself her reputation depends. Everything must give way to her art, and she must go into training as rigorous as that of a pedestrian, or an oarsman, preparing for a race.

In the case of Mme. Scalchi, the question was, Could she sing so exacting a rôle as Fides in 'The Prophet' either after eating a hearty meal, or upon an empty stomach. I contend that in either case she could not have done herself justice. A singer cannot sing after eating, because when you sing you draw the blood up to your head; your emotions are excited, and that carries the blood away from the stomach to the brain, before the stomach has done its work. Managers over here have not sufficient respect for a singer's organization. They expect that an artist can do equally well under all circumstances. In Europe, where art is better understood, less is demanded of a singer in respect to quantity, though more perhaps in respect to quality. Here the audience and the box-office are too often of more account to the manager than the reputation of his prima donna. I argue that singers should not be obliged to sing when they cannot do their best. They are not machines, that can be set running by a touch. A singer does her work best under inspiration, yet she is expected to be inspired to order, and is the only artist of whom this is required. A painter goes to his canvas when the mood is upon him. The poet takes up his pen when moved by the divine afflatus; but the singer must find inspiration in the turning on of the footlights. It must be admitted that she does find a good deal in this simple process. There is a certain excitement about the

very atmosphere of the opera house. She arrives at the stage-door feeling out of sorts and less like singing than anything in the world, but by the time she reaches her dressing-room, and the preparations for her appearance in the mimic world have begun, she is ready for her audience—that is, as far as nervous force is concerned, though her voice may not be in the best condition. Adelina Patti is a brilliant example of what may be done by care and training. To take care of herself is the study of her life, or at least that of the people around her, and she makes sacrifices to her profession that the women of society would stand aghast at. The result is that she seldom or never disappoints an audience from indisposition. She is always ready, for her whole time is spent in getting ready. You may observe that she is not willing to wear her voice out by singing four or five times a week. She has European ideas on this subject, and they are the best for the singer. It is a pity that they are not more common over here. It would be better for the singer, and better for the public, too, if they were.

Singers have the reputation of being capricious, because they are exacting in the matter of food. The average landlord thinks that what is good enough for one of his guests is good enough for all, making no exception of the artist. Mme. Patti has encountered this landlord, so she travels with her own *chef*, who prepares her meals for her. This is not caprice; it is necessity. It is not that she wants such a variety of elaborately prepared food, but that she wants what she has to be thoroughly nutritious and digestible. If she suffers from indigestion, it affects her voice. Colds are not the singer's only enemies. Illy prepared and unsuitable food is as injurious to her voice as a draught of cold air. A celebrated professor in Rome told Charlotte Cushman that there were three things necessary for a prima donna to do—eat, sleep and sing. Not a very intellectual programme, you say; and I quite agree with you! When a singer is singing, she has to live the most regular and systematic life. She eats her dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, or four at latest, and it is two or three hours before she goes to the theatre, and another hour and a half before she sings, or four hours in all between eating and singing. After the opera she may eat the little supper that is so highly prized by all 'professional' people, not because of its conviviality, for it must be very simple and light, but rather because it can be eaten with the knowledge that there is plenty of time for digestion. Sweets, highly-spiced food of any kind, and nuts, must be carefully avoided by the singer, and even ice-water is one of the very worst things for the throat. It should never be drunk just before singing, for it leaves the singer as hoarse as if she had caught a violent cold. She cannot drink, yet the exercise of singing makes her want something to moisten her throat with. Different singers use different drinks for refreshing the throat, according as their experience has taught them. I have found beef-tea to be of great service. I have known some singers to use a gargle. Le Franc, the tenor, famous for his high C, used a salt and water gargle. The singers of a past generation depended a great deal upon sulphur, and so do those of to-day, only they take smaller doses. They take it homœopathically. Patti, I am told, puts a great deal of dependence upon *hepar-sulphur*. I use it, too, and so do other singers who are homœopaths; and most of them are homœopaths, for they find that prevention is the best treatment for their ailments. Nine hours a night—or never less than eight—are necessary for a singer to sleep, for her nervous force is heavily taxed. She must 'make her exercises' for a certain length of time every day, for—to paraphrase Liszt—when she fails to practice one day, she observes it herself, when she fails for two days, her friends observe it, and when she fails for three days, the public observe it.

If what I have said will make the readers of these few notes more lenient to the singers who are not always at their best, or better still, if even one manager will be convinced

that it is not always the wisest thing to urge an artist to sing when she is not in condition, they will not have been written in vain. I remember once having been announced to sing in a town some three hours' distant from New York. Travelling in badly built cars, I caught a severe cold, and was ill in bed with it on the day of the night I was expected to sing. I could not raise a note, and I sent word to the manager to that effect. He came to my hotel and sent in word to me that if I did not sing he was a ruined man—that he had had a run of hard luck, and this would be the last straw. I told him that I could scarcely speak—that I was sorry, but there was really no help for it. He almost wept. I could hear him wringing his hands in the next room. In a moment of weakness I said, 'Very well, I will do my best.' I had ten minutes to dress in, and as many more to catch the train. The result was as I expected. I could not make a tone. The audience were not slow in making the discovery. Those who had never heard me before went away saying that I was a very much over-rated singer, and those who had heard me under more favorable circumstances said that I had no business to sing with my voice in such a condition. They were right; but the injustice to myself was greater than to them. It was a good lesson, however, though dearly bought.

Perhaps you will think after reading this that there is not much pleasure in the life of a public singer. Well, there is not a great deal, beyond that which comes from giving pleasure to others.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

Reviews

The New and the Old Edgar Poe.*

IN RISING from a perusal of Mr. Woodberry's new biography of Poe, one is touched with a feeling of profound regret that so little can be said in extenuation of Poe, so little be taken away from that legend which is fast becoming a *légende des siècles*. Most of us had a hopeful feeling that, while the eulogists of Poe might be over-eulogistic, his foes had undoubtedly been over-fiendish. Since the time when Griswold, the executor (and executioner) of Poe, had spewed out his intolerable poison on the grave of the poet, there had been a steady reaction in favor of the gifted and erring 'Virginian' (as he called himself). England and France had taken up the cudgels in his defence. Women had flown to his assistance in volumes of voluble reminiscence; and one biographer after another emptied his ink-horn helpfully over the bespattered memory of the singer of Lenore. There seemed to be a possibility, not only that seven cities would dispute over the honor of having been his birthplace, but that, robed as an archangel in garments of spotless white, he would roam the Elysian fields of letters, and be handed on from generation to generation as a paragon of excellence in every shape and form. Barring the one lurid memoir of Griswold, all the light that had flashed upon him had flashed from Heaven. The image wandering on the Night's Plutonian shore was as shining as apotheosizing friends could wish—garlanded, benignant, immortal.

But here is a patch no bigger than a man's hand which has suddenly overspread the whole heavens—a grain of sand that lies in the lens and obscures the star. Mr. Woodberry, delving in former biographies, sketches, and recollections of Poe, working over the lifeless Lives (so-called) of the poet, engaging in a vast correspondence with his surviving contemporaries, men, women, and children, exhuming old loves and antiquated sweethearts, digging among forgotten files of *Grahams*, and *Sartains*, and *Godeys*, and *Literary Messengers*, with a dozen or two more of long-mummied monthlies, weeklies, and annals, has contrived with vast labor to construct what must hereafter be called the au-

thoritative biography of Edgar Allan Poe—a biography which corrects all others, supplements all others, and supercedes all others. Here for the first time we have every essential fact connected with Poe's career plainly and unmistakably set forth, in its proper place, in logical sequence, and with luminous distinctness. A splenetic Prometheus with *Æschylæan* backgrounds,—such is the phantom of the fallen archangel whom but a moment ago we saw wandering shining and immortal on the shores of the Styx. The popular impression—barring the mythopœic idealizations of friends—that Poe was a compound of genius, insanity, opium, trembling delirium, and temper, is supported from beginning to end of this biography, and with such graphic detail, cumulative force, and undeniable truth, that the archangel vanishes at once from his love-lorn Styx, and his place is taken by a figure beautiful indeed, but fallen and full of a common earthliness.

There is no face—certainly no story—in all literature more tragical, more unheavenly. The thirst for drink meandering like a line of fire from one end of Poe's career to the other; the bitter temper involving itself in a thousand contradictions toward friend and foe; the all-swallowing egoism that burnt its perpetual taper day and night before the shrine of Self; the envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness of a vindictive career,—all these come out page by page, not on a mission of malice, but as the sculptured lines of an actual portrait, leering and livid as it may be, counterbalanced by great excellences to be sure, but for all that the true and perfect likeness of the man Poe. Poe was not wilfully wicked, but his wretched diseased body and his ill-balanced mind continually urged him to do things that were questionable, mischievous, bad, or dishonorable. He was ruled by his own Imp of the Perverse as few men had ever been ruled before; and after rearing beautiful structures in prose and verse, it was his delight, as in his notorious 'Philosophy of Composition,' to try and pull them down, trace them to some absurd starting-point, or cover them with ridicule. In his criticism of Poe's personal faults, Mr. Woodberry does not appear to go a step beyond the evidence. He has patiently and intelligently weighed every fact that could cast light on his subject, published for the first time much manuscript correspondence about Poe, or between him and his friends (including the Lowell correspondence, if we are not in error), dispelled much legendary mist that had gathered round the poet's early years, unearthed from official sources numerous facts about his career at West Point, and reshaped his incongruous life-story in an artistic and harmonious form which renders it agreeable in the extreme. We cannot say of it any longer that it is a *torso* Belvedere, beardless, limbless, lifeless. Every page is full of the pathos and the tears, the guilt and the genius of this unhappy man. If Poe was for one moment of his agitated existence out of the 'valley of unrest,' it does not appear from this biography. His own career was a 'fall of the house of Usher' more mysterious and pathetic than that in which he depicts the downfall of the doomed family.

Many curious details of Poe's complicated monomania come out in the course of his biography. One was his inveterate belief that nearly every one of his literary contemporaries was a thief. Was the writer a thief? was the question he usually put when he sat down to Christopher-North (if we may compound a verb) a man or a reputation. 'Mr. Bryant is not *all* a fool. Mr. Willis is not *quite* an ass. Mr. Longfellow *will* steal, but perhaps he cannot help it (for we have heard of such things); and then it must not be denied that *nil tetigit quod non ornavit*.' (p. 156).² And yet with these pronounced and characteristic opinions, Mr. Woodberry finds that nine-tenths of his verdicts are favorable, and many are even flattering. He confined his criticisms to searching restlessly for originality in his subject, whether of idea, form, construction, or handling; and if he failed to find it, he often became vituperative, blustering

* Edgar Allan Poe. By George E. Woodberry. \$1.25. (American Men-of-Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

or scurrilous. He detested the transcendental dialect of Margaret Fuller and Emerson, but recognized in Hawthorne a kindred and lofty spirit. The women poets of the day flocked around him like honey-bees, and he fed them impartially with praise from Hybla. His amours with these rhyming and scribbling nymphs would fill another volume—and a highly entertaining one—in the series of 'Scriptores Erotici.' They were purely literary and celestial as long as he had a wife and did not descend to particulars; but toward the end of his life he seems to have been carrying on passionate and voluminous correspondence with three or four of them simultaneously.

Mr. Woodberry analyzes with rare justness and acumen the various phases and aspects of Poe's progressive compositions, his crescent mastery over form, his ever-progressing advance toward perfection in the evolution of his skill as a story-teller. A poem was with him often at the start a mere *larva*, transparent and impalpable, like a honey-comb through which the sun shines; but again and again he returned to it, filling it with riches and with sweetness till it ran over or exhaled a scent of immortality. Every year of his life he became a finer and finer artist, showing accretion of talent, growth, and increasing originality. Narrowly limited as he was, and hide-bound by his theories of composition, he worked within his limits as deftly as those Orientals who carve ball within ball, till the involute ivory seems to lose itself in its own bony labyrinths. That he was the inventor of the short dramatic loveless tale is now admitted, and that he has never been excelled or even reached in this and in the harmonic architecture of his verse, with its imponderable rhythms, its aerial cadences, its dying and reverberating refrains, is the universal verdict of his age. His spirit inhabited a spectral infinitude where there were landscapes floating beneath sunken moons or looming in leoprous sunlight, and from these he caught—not airs of Arcady, or oaten humors of Theocritus—but sounds eery and intangible, blown from off his ghostly moons or imprisoned in his dank valleys. These he wove into his verse till it became a thing 'mystic, wonderful—a ladder of strange sounds up which climbed still stranger bodings, incubations of dream-land, thronging seraphs beautiful and malign, sprites from spirit-land broken-hearted, atoms of that immeasurable populace which peoples the furnaces of the Inferno, evil angels from outer lands the smoke of whose torment ascendeth forever.

Another phase of his monomania was his uncontrolled habit of advertising himself in season and out of season, reprinting his own poems and stories time after time in different journals, revamping his old criticisms in the shape of 'Marginalia' or 'Notes and Criticisms on American Writers,' or even sending in to obsequious editors laudatory notices of himself and his works. Though he was an ingenious mathematician, an unrivalled disentangler of cryptographs, or cyphers, a dabbler in pseudo-science, astronomical or mesmeric, Mr. Woodberry proves conclusively that he was a mere charlatan in scientific knowledge, that his 'Eureka,' upon which he based his abiding fame, is full of ignorance of the most elementary principles of physics, and that his affectation of learning displayed in far-fetched quotation was a mere pretence, hardly skin-deep.

Still all this does not preclude the existence of high genius in Poe. His criticisms of his great contemporaries have in almost every case (save that of 'Sartor Resartus') been justified by time. His monomania on the subject of plagiarism may be forgiven in view of the disgraceful appropriations of the early imitative American school. And as the child of Coleridge, connected by subtle affinities with Jean Paul, the apostle of mythical æstheticism, the poet of dreams, the landscapist of kindred spirit with Burne Jones and Rossetti, the creator of the ratiocinative, grotesque and arabesque tale, we may dismiss him and his sorrowful story to that whispering corner of the Temple of Fame over which are inscribed the words: 'Sunt lachrymæ rerum.'

"The Gentleman's Magazine Library."*

WHAT a happy idea was that of Mr. Gomme, to take the very miscellaneous 224 volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and sift them, not through a Danæe-tub, but through a critical sieve, arranging their contents with a view to the illustration of English traits and customs, and collecting together in separate volumes all topics of a kindred nature! The 'manners—none; customs—nasty,' reported of certain aborigines by a pungent traveller, are not found in these beautiful volumes. On the contrary. Everything here is clean and readable, and the pages overflow, as well they may, with antiquarian lore. *The Gentleman's Magazine* was founded in 1731, and the idea of printing selections from it was first suggested by Gibbon the historian, in 1792. It was the *Times* and the *Notes and Queries* combined of its day; and hence its pages abound with much which, but for the persistency of the publication through thick and through thin, would be irretrievably lost. It is as full of comparisons, derivations, and theoretical accounts of the origin of customs or objects of antiquity, as Pliny or Varro could be; but its very puerilities and its Eighteenth-Century English are agreeable, and leave a pleasant flavor of 'Ye Olden Time' on the intellectual palate.

Volume I. is a veritable encyclopædia of marriage customs, funeral and birth customs, agricultural and local customs, pageants, and feasts. The Folk-Lore Society will find material well-nigh inexhaustible for its 'tales of wonder and of marvel,' and the Society for Psychic Research might amplify its ghostly annals by a dip into these abounding chapters. All sorts of queer things come in for a word; stories of pins found in coffins, whipping the cat, betrothal ceremonies, casting of stones on grave mounds, London cries, Christmas customs, and popular superstitions, shoulder each other like rows of tin soldiers. Just at the moment when Dr. Murray's colossal undertaking of 'A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles' begins to appear, Mr. Gomme sends out Vol. II. of contributions from the elastic repertory of the most ancient of magazines. This time the contents of the volume are particularly opportune, for they concern themselves principally with proverbs, word-lists, vulgar corruptions of speech, the origin of names, specimens of dialects, etymologies, signs of inns, and proverbial phrases. The same variety of quaint and interesting local knowledge so abundantly sprinkled over Vol. I. is here repeated in a new and rich field, and justifies anew our admiration of the skill and learning of the writers who contributed to the pages of the famous old periodical. Mr. Gomme's own English, however, is far from infallible, and may be added to the other dialects which so curiously illustrate this volume. If anybody wants to find out the origin of such expressions as 'drunk as David's sow,' 'wine of diamonds the curse of Scotland,' 'old maids leading apes in hell,' 'sixes and sevens,' 'spick and span,' 'as the devil loves apple-dumplings' or 'stump pie,' here he will have abundant opportunity. The devices of tradesmen's shops, Christian names, ancient surnames, Yorkshire words similar to German, and explanations of antiquated words, fairly overflow the wine-vat with their multiplicity. The English Dialect Society will reap a white harvest in reviewing this field. Even Parisian volubility cannot excel the seventy-nine expressions here collected 'to express the condition of an Honest Fellow, and no Flincher under the Effects of Good Fellowship.'

One may shiver in true eery fashion over Vol. III. of the series, which bristles with witchcraft, broomsticks, and will-o'-the-wisps. All the famous feast days of the Christian year come in for a record of their superstitions or their hallowing customs. Divining rods, holy wells, ancient books of medical recipes, ring superstitions, charms, omens,

* The Gentleman's Magazine Library. Edited by G. Laurence Gomme, F. S. A. 14 vols. Vol. I. Manners and Customs. Vol. II. Dialect Proverbs and Word-Lore. Vol. III. Popular Superstitions and Traditions. \$2.50 per vol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and cuckoo rhymes, are explained and expounded with a fulness that leaves nothing to be desired. 'The holy maul' stands side by side with 'St. Cuthbert's beads' in this social and communicative volume. Treasure-finding, second-sight, thirteen at table, death-scented flowers, bird-lore, white birds as presages of death, horse-shoes nailed on ships, sorcery and mistletoe, 'stand and deliver' their imperilled secrets. In short, Mr. Gomme and his publishers are to be congratulated on their admirable work.

An English Traveller in New England.*

MANY have been the Englishmen to write of Americans and American institutions, but few have done it with a truer purpose or better results than Mr. Daniel Pidgeon. In his introductory chapter he says there are Americans and Americans, and that while most tourists prefer to see the rough life and the grand scenery of the West, he prefers to see America in New England, where it is most worthy of study. In the East, and not in the West, are the true Americans to be met with, and there it is that the genuine American problems may be studied. Such is Mr. Pidgeon's opinion, and in forming it he shows himself to be a man of sense and discernment, if not a tourist of the approved kind. He turned north from New York to Connecticut and Massachusetts, going to Ansonia, Waterbury, Winsted, Great Barrington, Pittsfield, the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, North Adams, Williamstown, Deerfield, Holyoke, Hartford, Willimantic, Boston, Lowell, thence back to New York, and up the Hudson, through lakes George and Champlain, to Montreal. His main purpose being to study American industries, his route was determined by this condition. It was his sole object, it would seem, to find out what we have done toward solving the problems of machinery, labor and competition. He makes a very interesting book and one likely to instruct even Americans. He writes in a pleasant manner, and having seen with most observant eyes, describes American life with intelligence and appreciation. Not fashionable life in town or at the summer resorts is here studied, but the life of operatives in manufacturing towns.

Mr. Pidgeon was delighted with most of what he saw here, and writes with enthusiasm of the better manufacturing establishments he visited. He devotes two or three chapters to the advocacy of free trade. His book ought to be of value in England as an encouragement to the laboring classes, and as an incentive to manufacturers to give their workmen the best conditions possible. Such a study of industrial conditions can but be of importance on both sides of the Atlantic, in calling attention to the higher social and industrial conditions everywhere demanded. Mr. Pidgeon is no labor fanatic, but he shows very plainly that the better workmen are cared for, the larger are the results secured. Taking a route promising little of interest to the tourist, he made it yield him abundant profit and pleasure, and he has freely imparted both to his readers. His book ought to have a wide reading in this country; and we hope some one of our publishers will give us an American edition of it.

Esoteric Buddhism.†

THE priests of ancient Egypt had an inner and an outer interpretation for their rites and doctrines. It is probable that most early religions have an esoteric meaning, which is kept from the people; and yet it may be doubtful if any such hidden meaning varies greatly from that given to the outer world. A numerous and well organized priesthood has its own secrets, because it has its own interests. Any really important truth which has come to it is likely to be given to the people in so far as the people are capable of understanding it. Here is an author, however, who claims

to have found in the religions of India, especially in Buddhism, a great body of esoteric teaching, which he seems inclined to accept as distinctly higher than is to be found in any Western theology or philosophy. The book which he has given us is certainly of much interest, pleasant to read because of the gratification it gives to our desire to penetrate behind the veil of the material. Any one familiar with the literature of modern spiritualism will find little in it that seems to be really new or surprising. The author belongs to the Theosophists who made this country their headquarters a few years ago, and who have since removed to India. This connection of the author with Theosophy (whatever it is) need not prejudice the reader against Mr. Sinnett or his book, but it may help to account for what he finds in Buddhism. What he finds is undoubtedly very interesting, but some other method and purpose than his would seem to be the true one for discovering its inner meaning. The opinion of such a scholar as Max Müller would be far more satisfactory, because giving greater assurance of his not being misled by his prepossessions. The fact that the book has been received with much favor in England is a proof that the love of the supernatural is still strong with many persons, and that there is an eager curiosity about the marvellous and inexplicable. The desire to know about the spiritual world will be abundantly gratified by the author, for he gives a complete interpretation of the universe and of man's origin and destiny. He writes as one who knows—as one who is convinced of the truthfulness of what he says. He describes the formation of worlds, the origin and nature of humanity, the future career of man, and the nature of the spiritual world. His book, he maintains, offers a true interpretation of the inner meaning of Buddhism and of all the other Asiatic religions. As such it is not more interesting or satisfactory than the esoteric teaching with which we are familiar, though it is more novel and spiritual. Has Mr. Sinnett been imposed on by the Buddhist teachers from whom he claims to have received his information? The question at once suggests itself to the reader, and the more he enjoys the book the more anxious will he be to know if it may be trusted as a correct account of Buddhism. That it is the true description of the spiritual world one will be disinclined to believe, so long as the masters of spiritual science persist in disagreeing so much with each other.

A Colored Astronomer.

OUR colored brothers have had many opportunities within a generation past to show what they can do in the intellectual field, and they have not failed to take fair rank as orators, Congressmen, presiding officers at National Conventions, etc. They looked well lately under the flaring torch, taking their part in a Presidential election; but they have never furnished a more pleasing picture for the mind's eye to dwell on than that supplied in a small volume written some years ago mainly by Mrs. Martha E. Tyson, edited by her daughter, Mrs. Anne T. Kirk, and published by the Friends' Book Association, of Philadelphia. In this volume, simple and quiet in style, we get a glimpse of life in the latter half of the last century—a semi-colonial life—about Ellcott's Mills in Maryland. The central figure of the picture is Benjamin Banneker, a thoroughly black negro, the grandson of an African prince, and with but a solitary ripple of white blood in his veins, and that ripple one which his princely blood seems to have utterly forgotten in two short generations. He was the calculator and maker of a series of almanacs by which the artless people of Maryland, Virginia, Delaware and Pennsylvania kept their reckoning in the time of Washington and Jefferson. The young fire-eaters of Virginia got up when the grandson of an African prince said it was sunrise, and the Pennsylvania farmer put out the lights and went to bed when Benjamin Banneker's almanac said the evening star had gone down. Banneker was a persistent student of astronomy, and attracted the attention of many eminent astronomers in his generation, and

* Old-World Questions and New-World Answers. By Daniel Pidgeon. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† Esoteric Buddhism. New Edition, with an Introduction for American Readers. By A. P. Sinnett. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

a manuscript copy of his first almanac probably lies to-day among the archives of the Academy of Science in Paris, sent there by Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State under Washington. Bonneker was a free negro and held a vote, as did all free negroes in Maryland possessed of a certain amount of property. This right, in common with others, he lost in 1802, although he had twelve years before that date assisted Major Ellicott, his friend, in running the boundary lines of the District of Columbia, and had taken a hand in locating the Capitol, the President's house, and other buildings in the District, and consequently might have been held as accessory to the act by which the American eagle got a perching-place and the American freeman a house to lay his head in. Mrs. Kirk, drawing from her mother's memoirs and her own personal recollections, makes an attractive picture of the simple-hearted, intelligent, and dignified negro in his plain home life, his astronomical studies out of doors at midnight, and his familiar association at the village stores with the superior race.

Minor Notices.

THE chief difference between the School Edition of Shakspeare's Works, edited by W. J. Rolfe, and the so-called Friendly Edition, more recently issued by the same publishers—the Messrs. Harper—is in the number of volumes in the two sets, the former containing forty, the latter only a score. Another point of divergence is the binding—brown and pebbled in the School, and smooth and blue in the Friendly, which is a library edition. Moreover, the pages of the former are trimmed, while those of the latter are uncut, and gilded at the top. Otherwise—except in the important matter of price—the two editions are the same. Each gives evidence, therefore, of the careful editing which Mr. Rolfe bestows upon every author whom he takes in hand; each is elucidated and enriched with the same copious and scholarly notes, and selections from eminent Shakspearean critics. The two sets accordingly possess the same conspicuous merits in all but their external qualities. And it is the difference in these qualities which makes the difference in price, the School Edition costing forty cents per volume in paper and fifty-six cents in cloth, and the Friendly \$27 unbound, \$30 in cloth, and \$60 in half calf. The more expensive is, of course, much the handsomer of the two editions, being intended for the general reader as well as for the Shakspearean student.

WILL 'blunders' never cease, or innovators in the field of the Queen's English restrain their rashness? If not, it certainly will not be for the lack of reminders. There are thousands of nodding heads besides Homer's. So at least thinks Mr. H. H. Ballard, who in his 'Handbook of Blunders' (Lee & Shepard) valiantly does battle with '1000 common blunders in writing and speaking,' and comes out of the conflict covered with glory. His book is a very clear little manual, and will do good—if anybody's memory can carry a thousand blunders. The author is evidently overshadowed by the authority of Bryant. Suppose Bryant did forbid 'talented,' it is a perfectly good word for all that, formed (as we could prove by scores of examples, from Anglo-Saxon to Victorian times) with entire correctness. Prof. Todhunter has a great deal of twaddle in a late *Macmillan's* on this word as an 'Americanism,' used by Prof. Proctor preparatory to visiting the 'Americans.' The notion that a verb must pre-exist—'to talent,' for example—before a participial formation like 'talented' should be allowed to come into existence, is idle, and is disproved in hundreds of cases. Is there a verb 'to one-eye'? Saul has slain his thousand: will some David now slay his ten thousand?

THREE more of Mr. William R. Jenkins's reprints of choice French romances and plays have reached our table—one being a dramatized version of Ohnet's now celebrated

'Le Maître de Forges,' and the other two André Theuriet's 'Le Mariage de Gérard' and About's 'Le Roi des Montagnes.' Anybody who has travelled in Greece knows what a delightful book the latter is, fairly brimming over as it does with About's peculiar irony and humor. It is a bitter story of brigand life, as brilliant as it is bitter, and if it has not been translated into English it richly deserves to be. About now has a seat in the 'Olympic Gallery,' among the 'Immortals,' and perhaps looks down with amused contempt on this souvenir of his earthliness; but for our part, we much prefer the 'intimations of immortality' to the Olympian reality itself. We are constantly asked by perplexed friends and bewildered teachers for a good French novel 'just to read in class—pure, you know: one that may be read aloud.' Mr. Jenkins's series both in novels and plays may be strongly recommended. Can he not give us a German one?

THE brief lectures which Hermann Lotze was in the habit of dictating to his students have been published since his death, and have met with much favor in Germany. They are now to be translated into English by Prof. George T. Ladd, of Yale College. The 'Outlines of Metaphysic' has already appeared (Ginn, Heath & Co.), and others are to follow in rapid succession. The 'Philosophy of Religion' and the 'Moral Philosophy' will next be published, and the 'Psychology,' 'Æsthetics,' and 'Logic' will follow. It is to be hoped that this undertaking will be sufficiently encouraged to be carried through as projected. The influence of Lotze would be most salutary in this country at the present time, and many would find in him the philosophic guide they need. His reconciliation between science and philosophy, or between materialism and idealism, is of great importance. To many it will commend itself as the only way out of the philosophic confusion of the present time. The present volume treats of ontology, cosmology, and phenomenology, in brief, clear and lucid outlines. The student will find much crowded into a few pages, but Lotze has the merit of clearness.

Recent Fiction.

FROM so strong a novel as Dr. Hammond's 'Lal' to so weak a story as his 'Dr. Grattan' (Appleton) is indeed a descent. The interest of 'Dr. Grattan' centres solely in the melodramatic suspense in which the reader is kept by pure curiosity to know what and who a very singular stranger may be, who appears suddenly in a little New York town. For a while, one anticipates a psychological study of the disordered brain of a man who confesses to awful deeds that he never committed; but nothing comes of it that is of any special significance or interest. The courtships are most extraordinary, and leave one utterly untouched by any sympathy with any of the lovers; though the remarkable part that a sandwich plays in the crisis of one love-affair is almost worth buying the book for, as a gastronomical episode which may safely be said to be unique.

MR. HALE's readers will hardly be surprised to learn that his 'Christmas at Narragansett' (Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library) has but little to do with either Narragansett or Christmas; being merely a collection of short stories told by our old friends, the Inghams, Haliburtons, Carters, and others, gathered together at Narragansett about Christmas time. Some of the stories are our old friends, too; the best of them all being 'The Happy Island,' which appeared some time ago in *Harper's*.—THE LOST CITY, by David Ker, illustrated (Harper), is an interesting and exciting little story of some boy explorers in Central Asia, who certainly had their money's worth of exploring and adventure. The book has the great merit of being written by one who has 'been there,' and stirring as the account is, it never strikes one as improbable.

'PRINCE SARONI'S WIFE,' by Julian Hawthorne (Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Library), is ingenious and clever and beautifully brief; but it is merely a story, to be read for its *dénouement*, and for the moral, unobtrusively inserted, that love—at least such love as that of the Prince and Princess Saroni—is not enough. The story of 'The Pearl-Shell Necklace' bound with it is certainly imaginative, but it is also unpleasant. The best criticism ever passed on Miss Edgeworth's work was that life was 'more mysterious than Miss Edgeworth represented it.' The saying might be reversed in Mr. Hawthorne's case: life is *not* as mysterious as he likes to represent it. If you enjoy demoniac mill-wheels, there is a very good and exceedingly hysterical one in the story of the necklace.

NEARLY four hundred pages of very fine print in 'Deldee' (Appleton) almost appall even those who remember the interest of 'The House on the Marsh,' by the same author. The story proves, however, ingeniously startling enough to hold the interest of such as like to be absorbed in a thrilling and blood-curdling tale without feeling too much ashamed of their interest. The people in 'Deldee' are unpleasant, and their deeds are both dreadful and improbable; but an ingenious something in the style, as in the author's other stories, prevents one from calling its sensational elements wholly poor.

'FROM POST TO FINISH,' by Hawley Smart (Harper's Franklin Square Library), is an unpleasant story about disagreeable people, absorbed in what the author pronounces 'that most fascinating of all amusements, the backing of race-horses.' The novel itself well illustrates the misery and wickedness involved in this 'fascinating amusement.' The moral that a young gentleman whose father had been ruined won back the family estate by becoming first a stable-boy and then a jockey, and marrying the daughter of the trainer, does not add conspicuously to the value of the story.

'DAFFODIL AND THE CROAXAXICANS,' by Augusta Webster (Macmillan & Co.), begins as an ingenious and amusing fairy-tale about a little girl named Daffodil who went to live among the frogs. Their treatment of her as an inferior creature, whom they classify by reference to their books as a 'human being,' is very entertaining; but the story is much too long, and becomes tedious. It is called 'A Romance of History,' and some subtle reference to actual history may be intended; but if so, the reference is certainly very subtle indeed.

The Magazines for February.

ONE of the most valuable papers of the month, because of its bearing on important social problems, is the article in *Harper's Magazine* on Pullman, the town near Chicago unique in having been built by one architect for one man or corporation, and in sheltering eight thousand inhabitants where four years ago there were none. This experiment of the Pullman Palace Car Company in providing a centre of industry and homes for its employés has excited general interest, and the paper by Richard T. Ely is a clear, wise, unprejudiced study of its results. Nothing on the face of it could be more satisfactory: contented employés in homes not only comfortable but pretty, under the care of a benevolent corporation none the less benevolent because of its intention to prove to the world that benevolence and beauty pay, and wise enough to have nothing free but everything cheap in the advantages provided for their laboring classes. To ask these contented workmen, 'But if you had a grievance, what could you do about it?' savors a little of the inquiry, 'If you had a grandmother, do you think she would like cheese?' Yet here in reality the writer finds reason for his verdict that the Pullman experiment is un-American, and that it rests on a false and dangerous basis. It is, in fact, a small feudal system, whose apparent success is due to its being fortunately a benevolent, well-wishing feudalism, anxious to be generous in the first place and wise enough in the second place to understand that it gets back more than it expends by its

benevolence. It is the kindness of the late Czar of Russia, Alexander II., who wanted his subjects to be happy, but not unless he could be the one to make them happy. Everything in Pullman, except the public school, must be owned and managed—beautifully managed, it is true—by the Pullman Company. Not even a church organization can occupy any but rented quarters. There is no town-meeting; no local newspaper; and the writer is convinced of a powerful undercurrent of despotism that prevents anything approaching free thought or free expression. One feels that one is mingling with a dependent, servile people, who only do not rebel because they are kept so comfortable.—Another interesting article is the paper on 'Guardian Birds,' telling us things that few of us knew before.—Mr. Hale contributes one of his most delightful stories. It may be heresy, but we like it so much partly because there are no Halliburtons and Inghams in it. The Halliburtons and Inghams are very nice people indeed, but we are tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.—Miss Woolson's serial has a delightfully inconsequent woman in it, but it is itself a little inconsequent as yet.—John Fiske continues his important papers with one on 'The Federal Union,' showing that complete independence in local affairs, combined with adequate representation in a federal council, effects an intense cohesion of interests that no centralized government can secure.

The articles on Shiloh, from both the Northern and Southern points of view, occupy forty pages of *The Century*, and are deeply interesting. General Grant's account is thrillingly simple and vivid, and is noticeable for giving, not the splendor and dash and color of a famous victory, but a solemnity enhancing the horrors of war. It is interesting to learn that of the five divisions engaged the first day at Shiloh, three were raw troops. On the Confederate side there is an impression given that the West was lost, and that the loss of the Southern country followed, from the death of the commander at Shiloh, Albert Sidney Johnston. As we lift the pen to question such a statement, our eye falls on a row of tin soldiers reposing in unwonted quiet on a shelf. 'Not fighting to-day, my boy?' 'No,' ruefully; 'they can't fight to-day; I've lost the captain.' Poor captain! We soon find him under the sofa, a little bent but not mortally wounded, and he is at once restored to his command. 'But how do you know he is the captain? He does not look any different from the rest.' 'Oh, I tie a piece of string round his neck, and that makes him the captain.' And, cheered once more by sight of their lost commander, the troops plunge wildly forward to their tin victory!—Mr. Howells said not long ago that the stories had all been told; but the interest of the current chapters of 'Silas Lapham' is largely due to the interest they excite in the oldest of old stories. One of Mr. Howells's best 'touches' is in the little incident of the shaving on the floor of the new house; first, because it shows the wonderful amount of significance that romance can give to nothing at all, and secondly, because it does not drop the subject there, but in letting one of the interested parties try to tell the tale with all its romance, the incomparable baldness of the incident becomes delicious. Mr. Howells also contributes the first of his 'Florentine Mosaics,' which are evidently going to be enjoyable because made personal as well as historical and instructive.—'Canada as a Winter Resort' has some spirited pictures that make the blood tingle with a longing for snow and furs.—Henry James begins his 'Bostonians' with a life-like study of a house at the South End, but really he does not do justice to the beauty of Charles River from Charles Street.—After the delicate and dainty humor, as rich as it is delicate, which has abounded lately in the magazines, Mark Twain's 'Royalty on the Mississippi' seems rather broad farce; still, it is undeniably funny.—Mr. Stedman, in his article on Holmes, underrates, we think, the value of 'overflow' as compared with 'effort.' He is confident that Holmes himself would be 'the last to doubt that he stands on lower ground than those to whom poetry, for its own sake, has been a passion and belief;' which is tacitly a plea for consciously high standards. But when 'overflow' is not carelessness, but such work as 'The Last Leaf,' 'The Chambered Nautilus,' and 'Dorothy Q.—,' surely the absence of effort is part of the charm, and is the very thing which distinguishes genius from talent. Shakspeare trying to be Shakspeare would never have been Shakspeare; and it is always something of a blot on the 'scutcheon when well-earned reputation, such as Bayard Taylor's, is felt to be the result of the firm resolution, 'I will do something fine!'

Lippincott's Magazine has evidently secured a new storyteller in the author of 'On This Side,' which is proving even better than 'The Perfect Treasure.' The international elements are admirably given, because with perfect fairness in the

administration of foibles and charms to both sides.—Thomas Wharton gives an entertaining account of steerage passage on the Oregon and the Alaska.—There are solid articles on the Prussian Civil Service and the representation of the people in Parliament, an amusing article on 'Æsthetic Children,' and a story or two.

The English Illustrated, besides 'A Family Affair,' which is always admirable, gives a dramatic ending to 'That Terrible Man,' a dramatic beginning to a story by Wilkie Collins, and an excellent article on 'The Dramatic Outlook,' suggesting that 'there is but one thing that is worth representing on the stage—the heart and soul, the passions and emotions of man.' Tea-kettles that will boil and genuine sewing machines are not excluded from the stage by this; but they will be useful only as they are typical—only as the tea-kettle hints at tea and the graceful woman to make it, and as the sewing-machine recalls the human tragedy that gathers about it.

Dr. Holmes, in *The Atlantic*, promises that he will positively open 'The New Portfolio' in the next number, but assures us that at present he is only writing on the back of it. (Happy thought! Let us turn our own portfolio over, and try what writing on the back of it will do for us.)—Harriet Preston writes enthusiastically of Vernon Lee, as an example of what women are beginning to accomplish with the multiplied opportunities of recent years—and Miss Preston wrote before she could refer to Vernon Lee's striking novel of 'Miss Browne,' which we hope soon to see re-published in this country.—Helen Gray Cone contributes a 'Sheaf' of graceful sonnets; and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, we are happy to say, is taken to task severely for showing in his latest work 'the most utter and heroic disregard of the sensibilities of any living person.' The adjective 'heroic' is especially felicitous. It has been said that many a man would have run away from his first battle if he had had the courage; and the courage exhibited by Mr. Hawthorne in allowing his late book upon his father and mother to go forth to the world with his own signature, is a degree of heroism which seems in itself incredible.

Title-Page and Colophon.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In a notice of my work, entitled 'First Books and Printers of the Fifteenth Century,' in your issue of the 17th instant, you say: 'We find an error in the first lines of the introduction. The word title is used where colophon is meant. In the first books printed, the subscription at the end of the work was the colophon, and it served instead of a title-page, the latter being unknown to the early printers.' Colophon, according to the Imperial Dictionary—the latest authority—means 'a device or printer's name, place of publication, and date, formerly put at the conclusion of a book.' There ought also to be added to this definition of the word, that the name of the author and the title of his work, was usually printed with the other particulars named.

Bishop Taylor defines title-page as 'the page containing the title of a book.' I believe this definition has been accepted by nearly all of the lexicographers. I know of no instance in which it has been insisted that the title-page of a book *must* come at the beginning. A very large majority of the Fifteenth Century printers evidently did not consider it a matter of much importance, since we usually find on the last printed page of their books those particulars (the title of the work, name of the author, name of printer, place of printing and date), which are now to be found on the first printed page. I am of the opinion that we are safe in asserting that up to the close of the Fifteenth Century, the title-page was generally at the end of a book, instead of at the beginning. But title-page it was, nevertheless, for the simple reason that the colophon usually contained what is now found upon the title-page—nothing more, seldom less. If I had stated in the introduction to my book that it contained a list of colophons to first books, instead of titles, it would have failed to express a fact which I considered of importance. In each instance I have given, as near as possible, the accepted titles, which form a most necessary part of the description of each book described.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1885.

RUSH C. HAWKINS.

The Lounger

MR. HOWELLS'S new novel, 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' is clearly meant to be a purely New England story. I wonder if its author is aware that its title is half Irish. Silas is a name of the soil, even Puritanic; but Lapham—can he find that anywhere among New England names? It belongs to natives of Ireland, or their children. Boston, it is true, is fast becoming the second Irish city in the world—second only to New York—and more Irish, more, that is, of the prehistoric Irish type, than Dublin or Cork. But Mr. Howells evidently has no thought of this later Boston. His Silas Lapham is of the pure New England type—a type not yet extinct, but rapidly becoming rare. There is not in this Lapham a single characteristic of any Irish race, whether that which is a survival of the glacial period, or that of later origin belonging to civilized man.

THE selection of the name may have been quite accidental, except that the choice of Silas was evidently deliberate. Mr. Howells may, perhaps, have seen the surname on a sign-board at the South End, and adopted it because it took his fancy, quite innocent of any intention of violating the unities. But had he consulted Bowditch's 'Suffolk Surnames,' or Elliot's 'Biographical Dictionary,' he would, I think, have looked in vain for Lapham.

WHETHER or not Mr. Henry F. Keenan is the author of 'The Money-Makers,' I cannot say. The story is evidently written by a journalist, but I thought that Mr. Keenan's style was more literary than that in which 'The Money-Makers' is written. He began in *The Manhattan* an anonymous novel called 'Trajan,' which was attributed to a number of well-known writers and to as many amateurs. This story will be published in February by Cassell & Company, with the author's name on the title-page. Mr. Keenan has had a romantic career. He served in the Northern army when a boy of fourteen, and after the War joined the army of journalists, thus exchanging the sword for a mightier weapon. The scene of 'Trajan' is laid in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, which Mr. Keenan reported for two New York papers.

THE Rev. Samuel W. Dike, author of 'The Divorce Question,' has been called 'the first authority in this country in matters relating to the family.' I don't know who has paid him this compliment, which his publishers quote, or what it means, or what family admits his jurisdiction. But if he is the first authority in matters relating even to his own family, he enjoys a privilege which certainly does not fall to every married man in this uxorious age. Let us hope that he does; but let us hope, too, that he will never attempt to exercise his alleged authority in matters relating to other people's families—particularly in the matter of divorce!

MR. BELLAMY, in his little book 'The Way Out,' makes some very sweeping assertions, which will hardly pass without challenge. When, for instance, he declares that every one of fifty million people feels the same want of food and drink, the same faintness in lack of them, the same love of heat and shelter, the same longing for rest, the same weariness under prolonged labor, the same suffering in disease, and the same feebleness in age, one suspects that he can never have observed, from personal experience among the poor, that blessed arrangement in the economy of nature by which one-half the miserable world has not the slightest conception of how miserable it is. He states that none of us should indulge in luxuries while any lack necessities; but who is to define necessities? To some men a white shirt is a necessity; and there was a time when a window was a luxury, and when a man who ate with a silver fork, or with any fork at all, was a tenderfoot or a dude.

IN THE land matter, Mr. Bellamy is a follower of Henry George; but one is not inclined to accept conclusions from such reasoning as this: 'Does the astronomer become the owner of the planet or fixed star which he discovers, with full authority to give deeds of farms and corner-lots?' No, he doesn't; but he doesn't simply because he can't; if he could, he would. It is interesting to follow him in his discussion of the railway, justice, education and prison problems. He is always suggestive and often wise. But he who advocates railways under government control must take care to secure Civil Service Reform first. A successive race of brakemen and engineers and switchmen, chosen for their political creed and changed as the State creed changed, is not a pleasant conception for the traveller.

SOME foolish guessers at the authorship of 'The Bunting Ball' have named Dr. Talmage, Joseph Cook, E. P. Thwing, Judge Tourgée, George William Curtis, and Mr. Whittier. Yet no one seems to have suggested General Grant, Fred. Douglass, or the Sweet Singer of Michigan. Why have these likely guesses not been made?

A CLERGYMAN—the Rev. J. Hazard Hartzell—has recently brought out a book of verse for which his publisher bespeaks 'a wide acceptance, due to its rhythmic beauty and poetic excellence.' The poet, as we learn from a circular which accompanies the book, 'is a tall, genial-looking man, with a sympathetic, nervous manner.' He is also a lecturer, and his efforts on the platform have been highly commended. The New Orleans *Picayune*, for instance, says that he is 'a forcible and attractive speaker, with an occasional burst of fiery eloquence, as if his genius had been nurtured by a Southern sun,' while another journal declares that his last lecture 'sparkled with classic gems and eloquent climaxes.' But the Middletown *Sentinel* puts the whole thing in a nutshell when it says that 'the lecture, as a whole, was a brain in manuscript.' After this I wonder—with the Philadelphia *Bulletin*—that the enterprising Pughs, who cater for the public platform, have not yet swept Mr. Hartzell into their nets. The reason is, I suppose, that the enterprising pew-holders have already swept him into their pulpit.

The Queen's Grandson.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

'We have outgrown in this country,' says the *Daily News*, 'the sentiment of lyric loyalty.' Have we indeed? Those will not think so who read the marvellous effusions which grace the leading columns of the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Morning Post*, concerning 'the visible future hope of England.' 'Lyric loyalty' there is enough and to spare in these prose pæans chanted by journalistic hierophants in honor of the Crown and the monarchy of England. The *Morning Post* even grows so exuberant in its maudlin enthusiasm as to declare, 'When Prince Albert Victor has ceased to be *in statu pupillari*, when tutors have done their best and governors are permanently discarded, he will have before him the educating influence of a most beneficent example. We cannot wish him a happier career than that he may be spoken of as is his father to-day.' The ability for wishing possessed by our contemporary must be singularly small. To the lad's father the passage must read like something of a sarcasm; for, after all, perhaps the most astonishing thing about Royalty is that Royal personages, in spite of being stuffed with such flattery as this, do frequently retain sufficient commonsense to see the folly and the cant of the compliments with which their atmosphere is permeated.

Every one wishes Prince Edward well, and we are far from under-estimating the opportunities for usefulness possessed by those who occupy, or who stand on the steps of, the English throne. We believe that it would have been very popular if the majority of the Heir Apparent had been celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the empire in the fashion in which, for example, Lord Warkworth's coming of age was celebrated in Northumberland. The English people appreciate pageants, holidays, and the all-too-few festivals which shed a little light and color upon the grey monotony of their daily toil. But for some reason or another, the majority of the heir to the British Crown has been marked by fewer manifestations of public interest than if he had been heir to an ordinary dukedom. We doubt the wisdom of the decision. A Crown that has become the scenic appurtenance of the machine of government does well to keep itself *en évidence*. There is only one objection to be made to it, and that is that it would cost money. And it is a curious comment upon the exuberant enthusiasm which is expressed that even the most exultant eulogists of the Monarchy heave a great sigh of relief over the wisdom of the Prince of Wales in not asking Parliament for an establishment for his son. We are all so loyal, so devoted to the Crown, that we are ready to shed the last drop of our blood in its defence. But oh! what a relief it is to think that we are not to be asked to contribute the one hundredth part of a farthing per head for the maintenance of the object of our devotion!

We need hardly say that we have not the smallest sympathy with those who would abolish the British Merovingians. No one knows how invaluable an instrument the prerogatives of the Crown may yet become in the hands of the Ministers of the People. It was a true instinct that led the demonstrators against the Peers to cheer the Prince of Wales. The sceptre, at present little better than a draper's yard measure, may yet become potent as a magic wand. It is a reserve force that may be needed by Democ-

racy, and as such it should be jealously guarded against attack. The greatest achievement of every privileged institution is that of digging its own grave. The ultimate ideal of mankind is no doubt that in which every man does his duty without needing the help of kings, nobles, priests, or police. But until we attain millennial anarchy there are many things that can better be spared than the Monarchy. The Crown has already buried almost all its own abuses, and it will have to bury some other institutions before it descends into the grave. That being the case, we hope that it will be accepted as an axiom by both political parties that whenever the arrangements for the maintenance of the Crown come up for revision they should be placed upon such a footing as to obviate any necessity for constantly recurring applications to Parliament. Royal dowries are mere bagatelles. We could run the Monarchy for a generation for the cost of the Afghan wars, but they afford periodical opportunities for the shortsighted enemies of the Crown to agitate against an institution whose maintenance is desirable in the best interests of the Empire.

There is no prospect that the wearer of the English Crown will ever aspire to play the rôle of a Hapsburg; but there is little doubt that the centrifugal tendencies inherent in the British colonial system would gain enormously in force if the only visible head of the Empire were the Prime Minister, and not the Queen. Our colonists are much more loyal in the old sense of the word than the people at home. It is easy to sneer at this loyalty as a sentiment, but if we deduct all sentiment from the ties which unite the world-scattered members of the English race there is not much left, and we can ill afford to endanger the unity of the Empire for the sake of saving the cost of the Crown. This, it may be said, is a low utilitarian argument, and we admit it. But it is the use of a thing which in the long run determines its survival, and the chances of Prince Edward ascending the throne are materially improved by the fact that the existence of a Royal Family is of distinct utility in enabling us to retain the English beyond the Sea within the limits of our common realm.

Charles Bray on George Eliot.

[From *The Spectator*.]

MR. CHARLES BRAY, the courageous author of 'The Philosophy of Necessity,' and other kindred works, in which he found the key to the mystery of the universe with so much satisfaction to himself, that within a few weeks of his death he expressed with perfect equanimity his disbelief in the possibility of any continued existence in another world, was during nine years an intimate friend of George Eliot's, and has given his impression of her in the little autobiography of himself which has just appeared. We shall soon have before us the much larger material for judging her character which the promised life by Mr. Cross, consisting chiefly, we believe, of passages from her correspondence, will give. But sometimes even a side-light on a remarkable character such as hers is almost as instructive as any that can be gained by self-portraiture, and certainly there is a good deal of interest in Mr. Bray's brief sketch. Mr. Bray was one of those who think that they can dispose of the greatest questions in a very trenchant and sledge-hammer fashion; but he was nevertheless a shrewd observer in his way, and also on the whole, and in this case certainly, a genial one. He gives his evidence to her strong disposition to put her friends forward in the best light, and to keep herself in the background. 'She would polish up their witticisms,' he says, 'and give them the full credit of them.' 'She was of a most affectionate disposition, always requiring some one to lean upon, preferring what has hitherto been considered the stronger sex to the other and more impressible.' 'Hers was the temperament of genius, which has always its sunny and shady side. She was frequently very depressed—and often very provoking, as much so as she could be agreeable—and we had violent quarrels; but the next day, or whenever we met, they were quite forgotten, and no allusion made to them.' Mr. Bray evidently knew well, long before she became famous, that in Mary Anne Evans he had found no ordinary character; and though he makes no elaborate study of her, the little he does say strikes us as the fruit of real experience. He gives us three rather striking observations of her characteristics. He notes first that she agreed with him, or came to agree with him—for her first visit to Mr. Bray was made, it seems, with the intention of bringing him back to the Evangelical school of Christianity—in a deep moral preference for a purely secular view of duty. He quotes with complete approval *The Congregationalist's* account of her, which ran thus: 'One of her recent critics has stated that she held as a solemn conviction—the result of a lifetime of observation—that in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from

the earth on which they live, are diverted from their own mutual relations and responsibilities, to an invisible world which can alone be apprehended by belief, they are led to neglect their duty to each other, to squander their strength in vain speculations which can result in no profit to themselves or their fellow-creatures, which diminish their capacity for strenuous and worthy action during a span of life, brief indeed, but whose consequences will extend to remote posterity.' Mr. Bray claims somewhat loudly that George Eliot really learned this doctrine from him, or, at least, from the society which she met at his house; and seeing that she made his acquaintance as an Evangelical, and almost immediately passed into this very different phase, we suspect that he is not very far from the truth. But wherever she learned it, this, he testifies, was her deep conviction, that the passion thrown into faith is a passion subtracted from the duties of life, and therefore one that enervates the tenor of life. The next remark he makes as to her temper of mind is a natural consequence of this creed. It is this—'George Eliot always also held with me . . . that one of the greatest duties of life was unembittered resignation to the inevitable.' And the third remark on her characteristics is in perfect keeping with these two creeds, whether it were really the cause or the consequence of them—namely, that 'her sense of character—of men and things—is a predominately intellectual one, with which the feelings have little to do, and the exceeding fairness for which she is noted toward all parties, toward all sects and denominations, is probably owing to her little feeling on the subject—at least, not enough to interfere with her judgment.' If these observations were true, three of George Eliot's principal characteristics would be a desire to prevent the radiation of human passion into the invisible world; a desire to press home 'unembittered resignation to the inevitable,' as a guarantee against at least one kind of self-exhaustion, the self-exhaustion resulting from aspiring too high; and a temper of mind which really did accept all sorts of creeds with equal equanimity, and one may almost say in a certain sense with equal indifference; not that any human characteristic was without its interest and pathos to George Eliot, but that she looked upon creeds as a sub-department of the natural history of man, illustrating for her nothing but human nature, and did not look upon them as reflecting, however dimly and irregularly, any great external reality.

It can hardly be doubted, we think, that these three characteristics, which Mr. Bray distinguished as so conspicuous in her, were really prominent features of her character. 'Middlemarch,' her greatest book, as the present writer at least holds, was, so far as we can judge by the prologue and epilogue, written to show that what George Eliot somewhat pedantically calls 'an epic life, wherein there is a constant unfolding of far-reaching action,' is not attainable by most women; and that the desire to lead such a life is likely to make her who aims at it 'a foundress of nothing, whose loving heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness tremble off and are dispersed among hindrances instead of centring in some long recognizable deed.' In the conclusion, she re-enforces the lesson that Dorothea's ideal aspirations had resulted in the two determining acts of her life which were 'not ideally beautiful'—namely, 'her marriage to a sickly clergyman old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death giving up her estate to marry his cousin, young enough to have been his son, with no property and not well born.' And her moral is, that if the world in which Dorothea lived had paid more attention to the fitting relations of life, and had indulged less in dreams that went beyond it, the mistakes into which she fell, and those like her are apt to fall, would have been less serious. 'Great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith of illusion,' so long as the world in which we live teaches one kind of ideal and acts upon another. If we understand rightly the motive of the passage about Saint Theresa, with which 'Middlemarch' opens, George Eliot held that in the Middle Ages it was much easier to live a great life than it is now, because the ideal life of the religious orders was honestly believed in by those who had an ideal in their hearts; but that now we accept one ideal with our lips, while we obey another, or none at all, in our hearts. And of course there is truth in this. But to what ideal did George Eliot's own writings point? To the ideal, it will be said, and truly said, of disinterestedness, of self-sacrifice for others. But in the first place, disinterestedness, with the profound faith in supernatural grace for all honest disinterestedness, is a hopeful ideal; while disinterestedness, with no better consolation in failure than 'an unembittered resignation to the inevitable,' is a very hopeless ideal. Again, disinterestedness, with the secular creed behind it, implies of course a very moderate disinterestedness—a disinterestedness that is bent, above all things, on not attempting to ignore

the actual smallness and selfishness of human nature; that sees all the difficulties of modifying a single link in the iron chain of circumstance; and that, therefore, is as modest in its efforts as it is in consequence ineffectual in its achievements. What a strange view it seems, this of George Eliot's, that the power of Christ's life, at least so far as it carries man's vision up from the earth to the prospect of an eternal world, was a gigantic engine of human waste, and that Saint Theresa was misled by wholly unreal visions into that epic life which George Eliot supposes to be impossible now, chiefly because these visions have proved unreal! It is strange that a mind as great as hers, which saw how little the most enlightened secular age in the world—the world of Rome during the early times of the Empire—had done for humanity, should have aimed at raising man by peremptorily calling back his faith from the world of spirits to the world of flesh. And how much stranger is it that that passionless intellect, which looked upon all forms of religion as magnified images of human desire, casting their gigantic shadows on the Heavens, till those shadows were mistaken for Gods, should have held that intellectual passionlessness would seriously be promoted by confining human attention to human affairs, and shutting us up in the world of time and sense! She knew well that there have never been passions and spites so violent as the passions and spites of those generations which have given up belief in the unseen—the passions and spites of revolutionary sceptics, or of imperialists trusting in armies for their protection against hungry dreamers, or of the devotees of luxury turning commerce into their sole religion. We should have thought George Eliot must have seen that, except, perhaps, in her own peculiar case—of which we have no means of judging minutely—the highest passionlessness has always been the offspring, not of indifference, but of inspiration, of a soul lifted above time, of a heart fired by passion for the world wherein passion means nothing tumultuous, but rather the irresistible might of an ocean of purity and pity. The indifference with which George Eliot's great intellect, 'holding no form of creed, but contemplating all,' regarded the various aspects of human faith in the world above and beyond us, is one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable phenomena of our highly miscellaneous century. Her own passionlessness at least was not hard and severe. Rather was it too easy, too sympathetic, too plastic, too ready to find human excuses for every creed, holding, as she did, that every creed was what it must have been, and that under existing conditions it could not have been otherwise. But if passionlessness be ever made the intellectual ideal of man—passionlessness, we mean, not itself due to passion in that highest sense in which we speak of Christ's passion, but aiming at the elimination of all emotion from the intellect—we shall soon have, not a standard (like George Eliot's) of too easy complacency, but one of rigid, cold, and even cruel apathy.

Three Christmas Fairies.*

[From *The Pall Mall Christmas Extra*.]

MISS KATE GREENAWAY.

HAD you been a visitor, nearly twenty years ago, in that quiet little household of the Greenaways, close by the church in Upper-street, Islington, you would have found that one of the features of the evening was to look over 'Kitty's' drawings; for in those days Miss Greenaway had not arrived at the age for the prefix Miss. These trifles were mostly in pencil, but there were a few sketches in pen-and-ink and others in water color. The characteristic of these early studies was care. But beside the careful touch lay a fancy for fairies and elves, for flowers and tame pets that a child alone possesses. Mr. Greenaway is a wood engraver of no mean merit, and Mr. Harrison Weir is reported to have said that he could trust him to translate his work before any other engraver, and to this day Mr. Greenaway's work may be seen from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Greenaway took a great and constant interest in the art proclivities of his daughter, daily instructing her how to observe, what to observe, and, in fact, 'coaching' his child in the first elements of art. Under such conditions the age of childhood passed, and the earlier years of maidenhood set in. After much consultation it was settled that Miss Greenaway must go to an art school—this was somewhere about the year 1870—and ultimately she was sent to Heatherley's. In those days (it still holds its own as a training school for artists) Heatherley's was the one place to work at, and not a few of our present leading artists first began their real schooling, both in charcoal, chalk, and pigments, under Mr. Heatherley's tuition. It was in the Newman

* Continued from January 24, and concluded.

Street studios that Miss Greenaway took her first real lessons in art, working first from the antique and afterwards in the life class. Later Miss Greenaway studied at South Kensington. But it was from work conceived and carried out at Heatherley's that she made her first popular hit. More than one will remember the circumstances. At the black and white exhibition at the Dudley Gallery in 1872-3, Miss Kate Greenaway exhibited a series of designs. On the private view day these were secured by the editor of *The People's Magazine*, and shortly afterwards they were engraved and given to the public through the pages of the serial. Thus at almost a youthful age Miss Greenaway appeared in print. But this particular editor was not the only person attracted by these early drawings of Miss Greenaway. Just at this time the card valentine fever had set in, and one of the pioneers in such matters, Mr. Marcus Ward, at once set Miss Greenaway to work, and she continued for years during her upward progress as a constant contributor, season by season, to Marcus Ward's Christmas and New Year's cards. In fact, the impression is that her first commission for book illustrations was also given to her by this firm. Some particular cuts may have been designed earlier for Messrs. Cassell, but it would appear that 'Mildred's Mistake,' published in 1876, was Miss Greenaway's first attempt at supplying the designs for a complete story. In 1877 Miss Greenaway, for the same house, illustrated Lady Colin Campbell's 'Topo,' designing some sixty-one illustrations for it. The world, or that portion of it interested in art matters, saw the other day in Messrs. Foster's rooms the designs for Christmas cards—some seventy bits of beautiful work—that by the fall of the auctioneer's hammer have now gone their several ways; hence it is not necessary to give here in detail the designs, but simply to state that they presented to the lookers-on a most characteristic chronicle of the steady and persistent improvement made by Miss Greenaway during the past ten or twelve years.

It was a happy idea that suggested itself to Messrs. Cassell when, in March, 1879, they issued Kate Greenaway's 'Little Folk's Painting Book.' How many little fingers it has made busy, and how many little people it has delighted, can only be measured when we say it has sold by the hundred thousand. But there was a still more brilliant conception developing itself. Messrs. Routledge and Mr. Edmund Evans were working at her 'Under the Window.' When the book appeared in November, 1879, it became the child's book of the year, and Kate Greenaway was famous. 'Under the Window' was followed in April, 1880, by the 'Kate Greenaway Birthday Book.' 'Mother Goose' was published in October, 1881, and 'A Day in a Child's Life' in December of the same year. In 1883 Miss Greenaway gave us a picture edition of Jane and Ann Taylor's 'Little Ann,' and other poems; and this year we have her 'Language of Flowers,' and a very felicitously illustrated edition of the friend of our school days, 'Mayor's Spelling Book.'

Now for a word as to the way in which Miss Kate Greenaway has made every-day material do duty to her pencil, pen, and brush, and for this we must go back to the child artist as the daily pupil. It was here, in school, that Kate Greenaway began to make studies of her little friends, noting here or there a quaint bonnet, a cloak, a cap, or a boy's smock. For it is quite from the lower middle classes that Miss Greenaway has drawn her inspirations. These almost daily memoranda, begun so young, were continued later on by Miss Greenaway. Rarely a week elapsed but she paid a visit to the school-house, either to compare past jottings or to seek out new material. And in these matters Miss Greenaway showed a good deal of wisdom. She did not rest on material close at home. With sketchbook in hand she might be seen at most of our great charity festivals, notably those of the 'charity children' held in St. Paul's Cathedral. And it was here, under the roof of Sir Christopher Wren's magnificent pile—crowded on these great festival days with both town and country folk, and little town and country folk, whose fashions do not change with the hour—that many of Miss Greenaway's happiest ideals first formed themselves.

These reminiscences should not end without a word as to Miss Greenaway's technique. In color Miss Greenaway is almost a purist. If you could see her paint-box it is doubtful if you would find that it contained many colors outside the primaries and their attributes. Look at any one of her studies; red, blue, yellow, and black would be colors enough to paint almost any one of them. This simplicity runs through all her work. Her composition is equally simple; it is in fact Anglo-Saxon art at its best; pure, simple, matter-of-fact subject-matter, with refinement enough in it to lift it out of the commonplace, pure sentiment enough to save it from hollow dilettantism, and yet so near to nature that although our little folks are not as they are de-

picted, yet they are prototypes of what we would have them be. In her studies Miss Greenaway uses almost pure colors, or, as the artists put it, she rarely mixes flake or Chinese white with her paints. The outline is firmly drawn either with the pen or pencil, the shadows are then struck in, mostly in gray, and over all wash after wash of color is put; of course there are numerous retouchings and 'heightenings,' till the right tone required is obtained, but Miss Greenaway's method is that simple one, 'wash,' as handled by all the greater of the greatest painters in water-colors. And as Mr. Ruskin has aptly described it, Miss Greenaway's work 'is essentially and perfectly that of true color-picture, and the most naïve and delightful manner of picture, because in the simplest terms it comes nearest reality. . . . There are no railroads in it to carry the children away with, are there? no tunnel or pit-mouths to swallow them up, no league-long viaducts, no blinkered iron bridges? There are only winding brooks, wooden foot-bridges, and grassy hills without any holes cut in them! Again—there are no parks, no gentlemen's seats with attached stables and offices! no rows of model lodging houses! no charitable institutions! It seems as if none of these things which the English mind now rages after possesses any attraction whatever for this unimpressible person. She is a graceful "Gallio—Gallia gratia plena," and cares for none of these things.' By the kindness of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge we are able to reproduce here two examples of Miss Greenaway's work in 1873.

Current Criticism

LADY BRASSEY'S ALADDIN'S LAMP:—The question may suggest itself how far such a work as this would stand the test of publication stripped of all adventitious aids, such as the attractive illustrations—to say nothing of the troops of helpful friends who strewed the travellers' path with roses, and the unlimited resources before which all material difficulties disappeared. On the whole, we believe it would stand the test, to which, after all, why should we subject it? As Mr. Hamerton lately told us, in (as he declares) no cynical spirit, philosophy and commonsense teach us that, *ceteris paribus*, it is much pleasanter to dine and sleep at the house of a rich friend than of a poor one; and, to do our author justice, we do not find the sense of profusion oppressively prominent in the present work, as we thought it was in her last. Aladdin's lamp is not so recklessly called into play; but the numerous class of readers to whom the lamp was a thing of joy may feel assured that it is still ready at hand. ['In the Trades.']—*The Athenæum*.

NOTHING BETTER IN CONTEMPORARY ART:—It is not often that such a carefully prepared work as Mr. Vedder's falls under our notice, and even the most hasty examination of it cannot fail to show the amount of unsparing labor that has been lavished on it by all those concerned in its production. Neither is the result unworthy of the pains that have been taken to achieve it. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's admirable rendering of Omar Khayyám's sad stanzas, of which the sorrowful effect is increased by their occasional hopeless gayety, could not be put before us in a more attractive form. The highest praise is due to Mr. Elihu Vedder for his arrangement and illustration of the poem. In fact, it is not easy to call to mind any series of designs in contemporary art which can be said to take higher rank than this. The main idea of the author is admirably seized and not lost sight of for an instant, and Mr. Vedder's treatment of it is such that each design furnishes an excellent commentary upon its accompanying text. In spite of the general excellence of Mr. Vedder's designs, they vary much in individual merit. Here and there we come upon one which is distinctly feeble.—*The Saturday Review*.

'A WINGED CREATURE WITHOUT FEET':—The book which is expected to awaken the greatest amount of curiosity in American society during the present season is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's life of his old friend Emerson. The biography of the greatest American man-of-letters in the past by the greatest American man-of-letters in the present—this cannot but be a matter of stirring interest. . . . We must quote no more from a volume which every one will presently be reading. But we must spare a few words to characterize the criticism which fills the larger section of its pages. It will be easily understood that the charm of this lies mainly in the light it throws on the mind and genius of Dr. Holmes himself. Emerson is almost like the fabulous bird of paradise, a gorgeous winged creature without feet; Dr. Holmes is always firmly planted on solid earth. It is most interesting, therefore, to see

the transcendental philosopher analysed by the friend who is, above all things, a physiologist and a humorist. This delightful book bears as frontispiece a new engraved portrait of Emerson, the most pleasing which we remember to have seen.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. HOWELLS'S OPERETTA: Mr. Henschel has been singularly successful with his music. It is laid out in forty-eight numbers and has almost as many quips and cranks in it as the libretto. He has a most graceful quartette for sailors with horn accompaniment; and a ballad melody, which he treats in the introduction, and again as a theme for instruments, is more beautiful than any of Sullivan's late effusions. In the wild folly of the second act he has a march to which the waiters enter, in which 'Yankee Doodle' is used as counterpoint to a broad Wagnerian march, and he works up a hornpipe and other things in a style which is as scientifically interesting as it is effective. For his vocal ballet he uses an effective minuet and polonaise. As Mr. Howells went to Gilbert, so Mr. Henschel went to Sullivan, for suggestions, and he follows the Englishman in giving us one song in the Handelian manner. On the whole the music is fresh and sparkling, and nearly all of the numbers are suited to the taste of a miscellaneous public without being trashy.—*The New York Tribune*.

WHAT DEGRADES LITERATURE IN ENGLAND:—The general influence of the circulating library system is about as bad as it can be. Literature is degraded, and the taste for really worthy books becomes obsolete in England (for no man can really care for books he does not possess), and all the circulating libraries may drive a roaring trade. Their influence is also more or less hostile to serious literature, to anything more permanent than diaries of travel and gossiping reminiscences. Probably, on this side, the remedy lies in publishing cheap compact books. The popularity of books sold for a shilling, like 'Called Back' and 'The House on the Marsh' (despite the close small type of the latter masterpiece), seems to point to a future when the circulating libraries will not dominate the light literature of England. The effects of the system on fiction have already been shown to be evil. Matters become serious when it is demonstrated that the chief libraries take it upon them to decide what their customers shall or shall not read.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE CHILD IN LITERATURE:—There was a time, just beyond the memory of men now living, when the Child was born in literature. At the same period books for children began to be written. There were children, indeed, in literature before Wordsworth created Alice Fell and Lucy Gray, or breathed the lines beginning, 'She was a phantom of delight,' and there were books for the young before Mr. Day wrote 'Sandford and Merton'; especially is it to be noted that Goldsmith, who was an *avant-courier* of Wordsworth, had a very delightful perception of the child, and amused himself with him in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' while he or his double entertained his little friends in real life with the Renowned History of Goody Two Shoes. Nevertheless, there has been, since the day of Wordsworth, such a succession of childish figures in prose and verse that we are justified in believing childhood to have been discovered at the close of the last century. The child has now become so common that we scarcely consider how absent he is from the earlier literature. Men and women are there, lovers, maidens, and youth, but these are all with us still. The child has been added to the *dramatis personæ* of modern literature.—*H. E. Scudder, in The Atlantic*.

Lines

Written on a fly-leaf of H. C. Bunner's "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere."

YE gentle airs, so sweetly blown
From Arcady and other places,
Telling of fields of hay new-mown,
Of leafy lanes with sun-lit spaces,
Of loving hearts and dimpled faces,
Of hurried kisses—long embraces,
Of tangled curls and tumbled laces—
Of every careless joy that's known!
Breathe soft, with blossom-freighted wings,
On young and old, on slaves and kings;
And while our minstrel picks the strings,
Whisper the notes he sweetly sings—
Ye gentle airs.

H. L. SATTERLEE, in *Life*.

Notes

—THE publication of Stormonth's Dictionary of the English Language is just completed in Harper's Franklin Square Library. For less than six dollars one can now own as good a dictionary, for all practical purposes, as there is in the language. The mechanical part of this work is excellent, the type is bold and clear, and the paper pleasing to the eye and the hand, and there is an openness about the page that is particularly attractive. The work can be had bound or in parts, and we believe that binders are furnished by the publishers.

—Another new dictionary is Webster's Condensed, published by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., which is the fullest abridged dictionary we know of. The plan on which it is made allows of an unusual amount of matter in a small space. There are over 1500 illustrations, and a pronouncing vocabulary containing 24,000 words. Its size and completeness make it an admirable dictionary for the school-room or the writing-desk. It is sold at the absurdly low price of \$1.80.

—Mr. Erastus Brainerd guesses, in the *Philadelphia News*, that Henry F. Keenan is the author of 'The Money-Makers,' just published anonymously by the Appletons.

—Mr. Gosse sailed for England on Tuesday last. On the previous day he was tendered a complimentary breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick by a number of literary workers and artists of this city, Col. George E. Waring, Jr., presiding. A letter from Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., assures us of the gratification derived by the students and villagers from Mr. Gosse's lecture there last week.

—Mr. Howells's operetta, 'A Sea-Change, or Love's Stow-away,' was read before the author's friends in Boston on Tuesday morning. No arrangement has yet been made for the production of the piece in Boston or New York. The *Tribune's* correspondent speaks highly of the libretto and of Mr. Henschel's music. An American tone has been given to the operetta by the introduction of slang phrases as refrains. For instance:

Victim of what lot soever,
Wait and think a little, pray,
Ere the last frail link you sever,
Binding you to silence, stay.
If the simple world believes you
Wiser, richer, better, say,
Then you are, although it grieves you
Do not undeceive it, stay,
Do not give yourself away.

The vulgar 'Oh! hire a hall' and 'Give us a rest,' are similarly treated.

—Mr. O. B. Bunce has written a novel of New York life which he calls 'The Adventures of Timias Terrystone.' The hero is a young painter who is 'borne along to his destiny without mystery, tragedy, or crime.' He will be a novel hero indeed. Messrs. Appleton will publish the book late in the spring.

—A useful compilation by that indefatigable indexer, Mr. W. M. Griswold, is 'A Directory of Writers for the Literary Press in the United States.' It contains 350 names, which, of course, is not an exhaustive list; but every printed page is faced by a blank one on which additional entries can be made, and the next number of the Directory—that for 1885—will be much fuller. It is issued by Q. P. Index, Bangor, Me.

—Burns's 126th birthday, which fell on Sunday last, the 25th inst., was celebrated on the following day. Another birthday anniversary of a very different character, celebrated on the same day, was that of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, which was organized in 1853.

—In a letter read before the Caledonian Club of Boston on Monday evening, Mr. Whittier said: 'I scarcely needed thy kind invitation to remind me of the anniversary of Burns. It is a red-letter day in all our calendars. There is not a logger's camp in the Maine woods, nor a miner's hut in the Sierras, that will forget it. For one day at least we will all be Scotchmen. The great poet has made all the world his debtor. But what has he not done for Scotland? He has liberalized her hard theology and made it possible of rational belief. That the inspiration of his high genius is still moving the hearts of her children is seen in Janet Hamilton's "Effe" and Jean Morrison Miller's "Books of Ballads." Through him her dialect has become a universal language; her heather blooms on all hills, and her thistledown floats on all winds. I cannot join you in person, but my sympathy, like the "double" of an East Indian adept, shall be with you.'

—Macmillan & Co., appreciating the growing taste for small books, have brought out an edition of Keats's poems that any man can carry in the pocket of his undercoat, or any woman can slip in the pocket of her ulster. It is reprinted from the original editions, and is made valuable by the copious notes of Mr. Francis T. Palgrave.

—'Mind-Reading and Beyond' is the title of a book on this (to some people) interesting subject, prepared by Mr. William A. Hovey for the press of Lee & Shepard.

—Horatio Hale, the eminent student of Indian dialects and customs, has an interesting article in the February *Magazine of American History*, on the Mohawk chief George H. M. Johnson, who married a first cousin of Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist. His portrait, in picturesque Indian costume—the frontispiece to the number—is striking, and the engraving of his charming home in no sense suggests the wigwam. Mr. Hale gives a graphic account of Johnson's life and work among the Six Nations.

—Josiah Royce, of Cambridge, whose 'Religious Aspect of Philosophy' has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is expected to write the volume on California in the American Commonwealth Series.

—George Eliot's Life, by Mr. Cross (Harpers), will have for a frontispiece a reproduction of Paul Rajon's etching of the great novelist.

—Mr. W. E. Benjamin has issued his first catalogue of 'rare, choice, standard and curious books.' It is an interesting collection, quite rich in first editions of American authors.

—One of the best concerts ever given in this city by the Symphony Society was that of last Saturday evening.

—Much gratification is expressed by the friends of the Lyceum Theatre School of Acting at the good work of the pupils of that school as 'supers' in the performances of 'Julius Caesar' at the Star Theatre, where Mr. Barrett is playing a successful engagement.

—On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne entertained the Grolier Club with an address on the subject of 'Historical Printing Types.'

—An appreciative sketch of the life of the late Prof. Lewis R. Packard is given in the January *New Englander*.

—According to *The Washington Post*, Mr. William H. Gardiner, Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Education, is acquiring considerable reputation as a historian. He is the historian of the Dartmouth College Association at the Capital, and as Secretary of the Class of '76 has just published the ninth annual report of the class organization. Recently he has contributed to *The Dartmouth* a continued article on 'Dartmouth College in the Executive and Legislative Departments of the State of New Hampshire for 100 Years, 1784-1884.'

—Albert Delpit is to contribute a weekly letter from Paris to the San Francisco *Ingleaside*.

—The series of articles on the Tenement House Problem, which have appeared in successive Sunday issues of the *Tribune*, will soon be reprinted in book-form, with other material on the same subject, by their author, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, sanitary engineer and Acting Chairman of the Tenement House Commission.

—Mrs. Stowe has requested her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., to restore to her novel 'Nina Gordon' its original title—'Dred.' The same firm have brought out new illustrated editions of Mrs. Stowe's 'My Wife and I,' 'We and Our Neighbors,' and 'Poganuc People,' and of her juvenile books, 'A Dog's Mission,' 'Little Pussy Willow,' and 'Queer Little People,' recently published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

—The inauguration of the Bargé fountain presented to the city of Baltimore by Mr. W. T. Walters took place on the 28th instant, on which day Mr. Walters and his son were at home to those who had received invitations to see his famous collections of Bargé bronzes, of Oriental objects, and of paintings.

—Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend's poem read at the opening of the New Orleans Exposition has been issued in pamphlet form.

—The excavations 'in the territory of Zoan' have been suspended, and Mr. Petrie is now established at Nebireh, which is believed to be Naucratis. It is a site of no common interest, as affording a succession of Greek pottery from an early date to the Roman dominion, and its mound will doubtless contribute largely to the scientific knowledge of Hellenic archæology. M. Naville is also in Egypt, occupied with those purely biblical problems to which the society's funds are in part devoted.

—Boston's new weekly, *The Spectator*, is described as 'a national journal of political science, literature, and art.' It promises to 'promulgate the principles of politics, and not the policies of parties.' This is an ambitious (as well as an alliterative) aim, and the conductors of *The Spectator* will deserve great praise if they persist in it. The interests of the new journal seem to be identified with those of the Webster Historical Society.

—Among the Latin contributions to *Latine* for January are another letter from Heidelberg by Prof. Lord of Dartmouth, an instalment of a version of Milton's 'Nativity,' and translations of Goethe's 'König im Thule,' Schiller's 'Lycurgus,' etc.

—A second edition, with additions, of the little pamphlet 'Books for the Young' (Office of *The Publishers' Weekly*, New York) has been prepared by C. M. Hewins, of the Hartford Library Association. It is a helpful guide for parents, containing hints about books, with lists of good books in all departments suitable for the young.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 873.—1. Does Stormonth's Dictionary contain as many words as Webster's, and how does it compare with the latter? 2. Has Payn's 'Recollections' been issued in the Sesside or Lovell's Library? 3. What other volumes are to appear in the English Men-of-Letters Series?

XENIA, ILL.

J. B. B.

[1. We don't know how many words there are in Stormonth's. In Webster's there are, it is claimed, 3000 more than in any other American dictionary. 2. We understand that the series is to contain, among others, the following books, not yet published: 'Adam Smith,' by Leonard H. Courtney, 'Sir Philip Sidney,' by J. A. Symonds, 'John Keats,' by Professor Colvin, and 'Berkeley,' by Professor Huxley.]

No. 874.—Where can I get a copy of E. E. Hale's 'Man Without a Country,' and of Lewis's 'Monk'?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

R. S. BACHIA.

[The former book is published by Roberts Bros. at \$1.25, and they may both be ordered through any bookseller.]

No. 875.—I should like to get a copy of Pollok's 'Course of Time'—a good copy, in fair print. Where can such a one be got?

EVANSTON, WYOMING TERRITORY.

A. C. B.

No. 876.—Who is the 'Eugenie H.' to whom Hamerton dedicates his 'Intellectual Life'?

No. 877. Where can I find a poem of which the following is a verse?

"He comes and lays my heart all heated
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it,
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, 'as God will,'
And at his heaviest blows hold still."

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

(Mrs.) H. M. STORRES.

No. 878.—Will you kindly advise me which is considered the best edition of White's 'Natural History of Selborne'?

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FRED. C. GREEN.

[It would be hard to say which is the best edition, but that of the English ornithologist, Alfred Newton, has probably the highest critical value. Frank Buckland's edition has the finest illustrations, and some previously unpublished matter. The list of editions is a long one.]

ANSWERS.

No. 860.—The lines referred to can be found under the title 'Dear are the Children,' in 'Bright Jewels,' a Sunday-school hymn-book, published by Biglow & Main.

No. 863.—'My King' is published in sheet music form, price 10 cts., and can be obtained of E. Nason & Co., 120 Fulton Street, N. Y., or any dealer who sells Evans's low-priced music. It is No. 529 on the catalogue.

No. 865.—I do not think the author is known. The name is not given with the poem as I have it. Mine was cut from *The Congregationalist*, and credited to *The Interior*.

NORWICH, CONN.

H. B.

No. 870.—See Poe's essay 'The Imp of the Perverse.'

NEW YORK CITY.

R. H. S.